

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Dec. 2, to Saturday Dec. 9. 1704.

Epigram to the Duke of Marlborough.

By various Means th' Immortal Homer seeks
To raise the Fame of his Heroick Greeks;
For One, from Coast to Coast confus'dly hurld,
To give him room, the Bard invents a World;
Whilst One for ever in the Trenches lies,
And where he gain'd so many Battels, dies.
In Thee the double Character unites,
Ulyses wanders, and Achilles fights.

A Conflict on Business.

Business, thou Plague and Pleasure of my Life;
Thou charming Mistress, thou confounded Wife;
How shall I praise or blame thee as I ought;
Thou art very good, and yet thou art good for naught.
Thou haunt'st me still, and yet I prethee do,
For tho' I hate thee for it, I love thee too.
Thou choak'st my feeble Muse, and damps her Wing,
Yet but for thee, she'd neither soar nor sing:
Thou Enemy, thou Friend to Joy, to Grief,
Thou bring'st me all, thou bring'st me no Relief;
Thou bitter, sweet, thou pleasing, teasing thing,
Thou wear'st a Spur, 'tis true, but not a Sting,
Some Respite, prethee do, yet do not give,
I cannot wish thee, nor without thee live.

On a Lady of Quality at Court; by Gentleman of Oxon. Celebrated by Name of Laurinda.

While Marlbro's Acts provoke the British
Rage,
And all the Hero Triumphs in each Page;
A softer Theam invites my meaner Lays,
And all unnerves my Muse, to write a Woman's
Praise.
'Assist, Calliope! my soft Design,
Smooth e'ery Verse, each harsher Thought refine,
That all my Numbers may serenely move,
Soft as her Tears, and (piercing) as her Love.
Thus when some nobler Poet would set forth
A lovely Pattern of excelling Worth,
He leaves his Hero wring on his Fate,
Besmear'd with Dust and Blood, and desperately
Great:
From each fair Nymph he steals a different Grace;
And thus from several Beauties culls a Face:
But if Laurinda's Features he pursue,
And all her Charms appear expos'd to view,

He tempt the Labours of his Muse no more,
While she alone involves all Nature's Store.
Ah could my Muse her equal Merits shew,
And all her Beauties in Perfection draw,
No more should Hellen be the Poet's Care,
Tho' Gods and Heroes fought promiscuous for the
Fair.

Here Nature, proud and lavish of her Art,
Exerts her Skill, and triumphs in each part;
While e'ery Pow'r performs its Task so well,
As if each Part had labour'd to excel.
With sprightly Wit, and solid Judgment join'd,
At once she pleases, and instructs the Mind:
Her Speech not forc'd, nor negligently free,
And void of Passion, as of Subtlety.
While no wild Thoughts her want of Judgment show,
She still speaks Sense, nor studies to do so;
Yet scorns those lucky Hits, that flashy Fire,
Which none but Fools esteem, and Wise Men scarce
admire.

Now rise, my Muse? a grateful Task rehearse,
And draw her Beauty charming in thy Verse;
Let sparkling Eyes, and softer Lips inspire
Thy struggling Soul, and feed thy growing Fire:
But ah! too well my Heart their Force does prove,
And needs no other Fire than that of Love.
Here all her Charms in just Proportion meet:
Agreeable and regularly Great.
Majestick Sweetness heightens e'ery Part,
And with commanding Charms, attracts the bleeding
Heart.

No Modern Foils set off a borrow'd Grace,
No trickling Props rebuild the Ruins of a Face;
Her nobler Soul contemns those trifling Arts,
And all the little Tricks of conqu'ring Hearts;
With virtuous Modesty her Soul she arms,
And when she most avoids it, most she charms.

A Song.

OH! tell me, gentle God of Love,
By what resistless Art
Our boasted Reason fails to move,
Where thou hast touch'd the Heart.

Reason in Love, the God reply'd,
Can ne'er its Power prove,
Since Fancy does your Reason guide,
And Fancy's true to Love.

A Fable.

A Good honest Farmer, by Providence blest
Of a House, of some Kine, and of Sheep was
possest;

To Cut 'em himself, was each Evening his Care,
No Flock was so thriving, no Fleeces so fair:
Yet round him Wolves, Lions, and Panthers too

(prod,
And oft to his Loss, in the Night leap't the Fold;
For tho' it: bold Guardians seem'd Scurly and Stout,
His sly Predecessor had knockt their Teeth out.
The good Man considering, if thus they went on,
In process of time, his whole Flock would be gone;
Resolv'd with himself, that as soon as he cou'd
He'd make his Fence higher, let it cost what it
wou'd.

Says a Neighbour, that saw him his Project pursue,
What i'th' Name o'the Lord are you going to do?
The Fold I have known many a Year, by the Mass,
And now 'tis as high, Sir, as ever it was;
'Twill last you your Life without any Repair,
And when it shall want, may be done by your Heir;
Besides, this for Building, is no proper Season;
Quoth the Farmer, How like a Low Rascal you

(reason!
For if I my own self don't take Care o'the matter,
I'm sure those will never that are to come after.

On the taking of Landaw.

A S O N G.

Since the Town is our own, what it cost us, no mat-
(ter,
Fill my Glass full of Wine, as the Trenches with
(Water.
To the Heroes that took it, Drink off Healths a
(vast Train,
Till the Flasks on the Floor shall out number the
(Slain,
And when done with the Land, we'll think on the
(Main.
To the Man who the Monsieurs most certainly beat,
Tho' the L—ds won't allow't, nor the Paris Gazette.

A Gentleman to a Lady, who de-
sir'd to know what Charm of hers
had wounded him?

TELL me, you Syren, with what secret Art
You wound and steal thro' my unguarded Heart?
Ist the amazing Brightness of your Eyes
That charms my Soul with Rapture and Surprise?
Or do your Snowy Breasts my Passion move,
And fill me 'ore with Extacies of Love?
Or ist your Harmony when ere you Sing,
More sweet than Birds, when ushering in the Spring?
Or ist the Musick of your tuneful Lyre,
That does my raviish'd longing Soul inspire?
Is it some Grace that Poets can't express,
But all their Flights and Raptures would make
less,
That you so beauteous and so bright appear,
Like to the dazzling Orb that gilds the Sphere?
Is it those balmy Sweets that ever dwell
Upon your Lips, that makes you thus excel?
Is it your Gesture, or your awful Mein,
More sam'd than that of Beauties conqu'ring Queen?
O tell me, ist your rosy Cheeks that Charm,
And do with such resistless Power warm?
Is it your Look, or some bewitching Smile,
That does my Soul, I know not how beguile?
Tell me, kind Fair, (if so I may you call)
Ist one of these great Charms, or is it all?

A Tale.

Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.

A Cöbler once upon a time,
Affected much to talk in Rhime;
But yet he seldom e'er could do't,
For in each Verse hee'd want a Foot:
And when he had scratcht and searcht his Store,
He soon resolv'd to give it o'er.
And in a Rage to's Wife did call,
To burn the Ballads on his Stall.

Moral.

We all must then let Nature take its Course,
Act always b' Inclination, not by Force.

Quid est Mulier?

I'LE tell you what a Woman is,
She's a fickle sort of Bliss;
One that Flying, would be Caught,
One that Teaching, would be Taught;
When Resistng, fain would Yield,
When o'ercoming, Shakes her Shield;
When Denying, wou'd Consent,
When Ill-doing, wont Relent;
And when Scorning, vex'd She's mist,
And when Fugking, would be Kist.

A Song by a Person of Quality, in Love with two Sisters.

MY greedy Love no Measure knows,
To both at once I sue;
In the same Stanzas I enclose
Phillis and Cælia too:
From one to'ther, still I Rove,
O'er me by turns they reign,
If this brings Anger, that brings Love,
And heals the Wound again.
But when they both together meet,
Tea Gods! How Blest am I,
With double Joys my Heart does beat,
A Mistress fills each Eye.

The Wind being N. E. his Highness the
Prince Royal of Prussia, and his Grace the Duke
of Marlborough are expected this Day from
Holland.

Advertisements.

† Next Week will be Published the long
expected Poem, by Joseph Addison, Esq; cal-
led, The Campaign, and Sold by Mr. Jacob Tonson.

† The latter end of the next Week will be
Printed, the Original Lancashire Horn-Pipes,
with the Division to each; being the first of
that kind ever Printed. Sold by Hen. Play-
ford, at his Shop in the Temple-Exchange, Fleet-
street. Price Stitch't one Shilling; where the
Original Scotch Tunes may be had, Price Stitcht
Six Pence.

† This Day his Published Apollo's Feast; or,
Wit's Entertainment, the second Edition. Sold by
B. Bragg. Price Bound 1 s. 6 d.

† If any Gentleman, Ladies, or others, do think
convenient of having any Copies, either in Prose or
Verse, proper to be Inserted in this Paper, they are
desired to send them to Benjamin Bragg, Publisher of
the same, and will be kindly received by the Under-
takers.